THE COLLECTOR
25
WM. BLACK 71

Tom Tyler as...
CAPTAIN MARVEL

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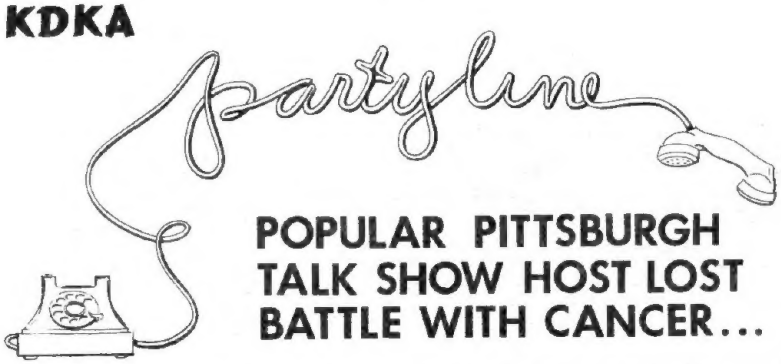
IN MEMORIAM

ED KING of KDKA Party Line



POPULAR PITTSBURGH TALK SHOW HOST LOST BATTLE WITH CANCER...

ED KING, who pioneered the radio audience participation show in 1951 with his wife Wendy on " Party Line ", died of lung cancer on November 18, 1971.

Ed was a remarkable man. In the 20 years that "Party Line" had on the air he missed only two shows -- until about a month before his death when he entered a hospital for tests.In all those years, he never used reference materials on the show; relying only on a memory like an encyclopedia. 'Party Liners' were oftentimes amazed at how Ed knew so much about EVERYTHING.

Among Ed's many interests were: history, the occult, old radio, the serials, comics, sports,and oddities. And all of these topics and many others were discussed on the show six nights a week.

Ed believed in the effects of radio on listener imagination. He had worked behind the scenes on radio soap operas like "Ma Perkins" and "Road to Life",and often commented on how he'd hated to see some of the old radio shows dissolve.To bring back the "mystery" of old radio, callers' voices on "Party Line" were not broadcasted on the air. Besides the fact that it eliminated the possibility of "crank" calls, Ed believed that this style of conducting a "salmagundi" tested and teased the listener's imagination. Which it did.

Political opinions,legal and medical advice, and biblical interpretations were always avoided on the 'Party', but other than that, everything under the sun was discussed.Listeners were also invited to write in, sending Party Pretzels (brain-teasing questions)or letters solicited about a particular subject for that month. Favorite ghost stories, an evening with the historical figure of your choice, and favorite fic - tional characters (from the classics of literature or, on the other hand, from the comic book or comic strip of your choice) were only a few of the many selections to pick from. And though many were illegibly written and grammatically poor, every single one Ed read over the air sounded like flawless essays written by Ed himself, and expressing his own thoughts and opinions.

Ed's amazing influence on the radio audience was further shown through his many radio scripts and narratives on topics like the Fourth of July, Halloween, and "The Six Shoes of Xmas". The latter was an original Christmas fantasy he wrote at 17, and was broadcast over the NBC-Radio Network. Besides this, he was also known for his excellent reporting of news events, election coverage, and the like.

A remarkable man...

I regarded Ed as a very good friend of mine, and I hope he'd regarded me as one of his his. Though I never had the pleasure of meeting him in person,I did manage to talk to him, via "Party Line", many times & correspond with him through the P.O. even more often. We shared common interests in comics, serials, old radio, science-fiction, and fantasy, and somehow managed to scoop each other with news relating to these subjects.

Ed was always willing to help, whether it was in finding the Katzenjamer Kid restaurant reportedly in the Pittsburgh area (which neither of us ever found)or in locating area collectors of comics & related items.

Ed was an avid reader of TC, and often sent in ma -ny excellent suggestions. (Some of his comments can be found in earlier issues) Somehow, Ed personally answered almost everyone.

I can't help feeling that station KDKA in Pittsburgh had THREE big things going for it:
1) It was the first radio station in the world.
2) "Party Line" was the longest-lasting show of its kind (20 years; 1951-1971).
3) ED KING was the radio personality's personality; a man who won't soon be forgotten...

=Bill Wilson

THE COLLECTOR 25 JANUARY 1972

COVER BY: WILLIAM BLACK

Characters Featured On This Issue's Cover, left to right: Beautiful Dreamer, Mr. Miracle, Darkseid, Stuntman, The Guardian.

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: BILL WILSON, DAVID FRYXELL, WILLIAM REYNOLDS, TOM FAGAN, DONALD WONG, ALAN HANLEY, DWIGHT DECKER, BOB KIRKLAND, BYRON PREISS

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: WILLIAM BLACK, DAVE COCKRUM, JOHN G. FANTUCCHIO, MIKE O'NEAL, VINCE MARCHESANO, DON NEWTON, SKIP OLSON, ED ROMERO, DONALD WONG, ALAN HANLEY, JIM JONES, DOUG POTTER, MARTIN L. GREIM, ANTHONY KOWALIK, MIKE ROBERTS

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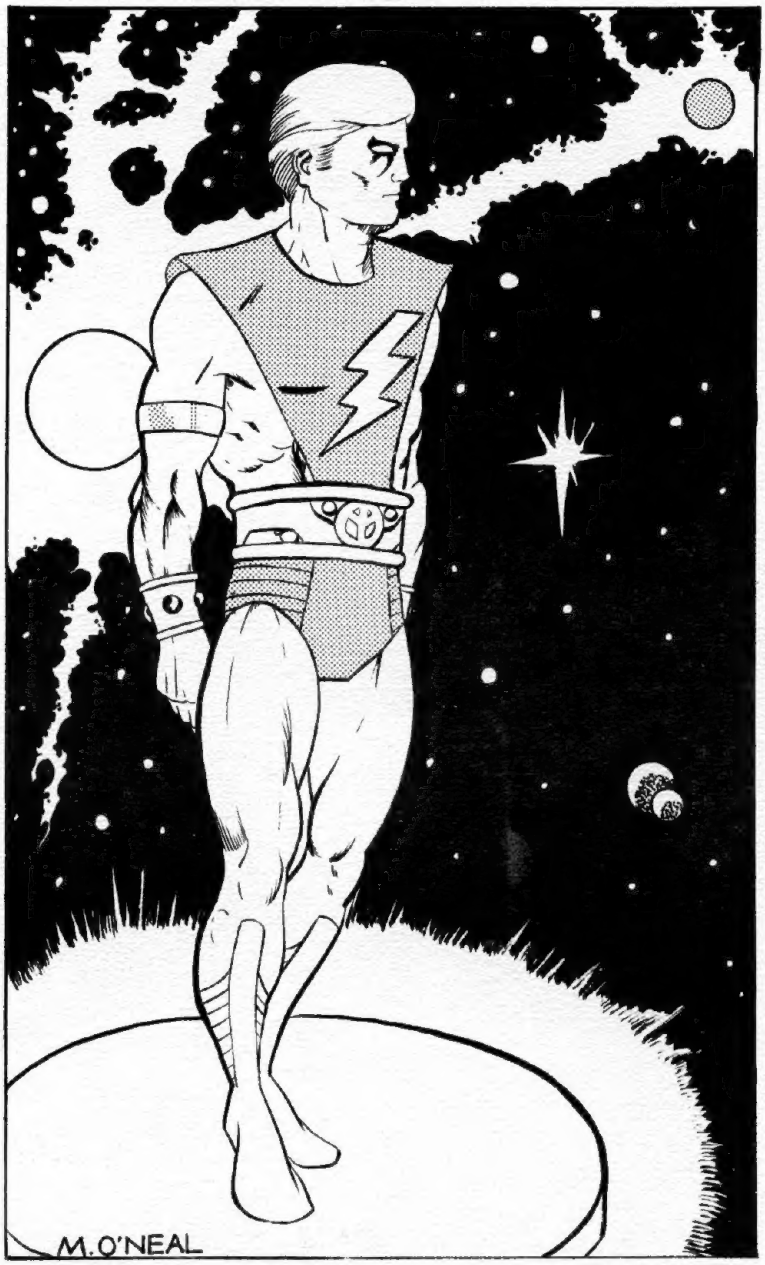
EDITORIAL

Once again the editorial is twice as hard to write as it should be because of a lack of space in which to really get in-to any one particular topic to any great degree. That's one reason (of many) for going to the bigger format next issue.The switch will also help (hopefully)provide more space for a letter column, a cleaner less-cramped page format, and more strips in future issues (hint).

Though VERY limited, copies of the following are available yet... #15 (the last of the digest-sized issues) @50¢; #23, @35¢; #24, @50¢; and the PANORAMA SETS (PANORAMA ONE and 3-color cover poster by John Fantucchio), @$1.00/set.The Panorama poster is 11x14".

NEXT ISSUE

The inside back cover this issue has just about all of the info that I'm willing to release at this time. Surprises,



now only in the planning stages, will be really something to look forward to. The issue will have more pages, more color, and a better quality of material throughout than any issue before it. All of the features outlined in the ad are just about as definite as you can get; in fact, I already have STEVE DITKO's fantastic wraparound cover of MR. A. (If you think this issue's cover was a challenge for me to do the color overlays, you should see THIS illustration! And don't think it's just one of those one- or two-figure covers, either, because it isn't! There are more characters and action in this drawing than I've ever seen in a fanzine before!) This cover, the other great features listed, and the surprises forthcoming will combine to form a memorable issue you won't soon forget!

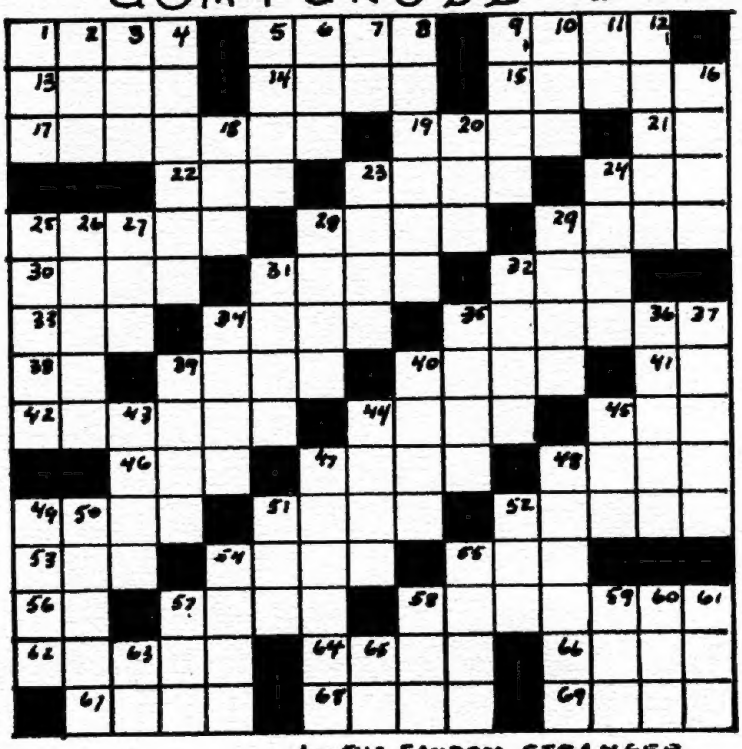
The issue, which will probably be un-leashed at NY Con '72, will cost $1.00, and will be WORTH it! (Though I can't ever hope to compete with PROMETHEAN ENTERPRISES' 80-page 4th issue. It's just $1 - from: 4160 Holly Dr./San Jose,California, 95127. Oh well....)

HELP!

Looking for two oldies... One is an EC "SHOCKSUSPENSE STORIES" with a WOOD cover of a crowd of Klansman types parked in a grotto, with a bound woman kneeling by them. / The other may be either CRIME DOES NOT PAY or CRIME AND PUNISHMENT,but I'm not sure. It contained a story about the criminal Bender family (19th century Midwestern family of four who whacked victims in the head with a sledgehammer and threw them through a trap door. Nice people, those Benders, weren't they?)Any info about the books or their whereabouts would be appreciated, and will be forwarded to the friend of mine interested in obtaining them. Thanks...

-Bill Wilson

COMICROSS 1



by THE FANDOM STRANGER

ACROSS

1. Where Don Winslow often was.
5. The wings of Airboy's plane did this.
9. "The Merciless" one.
13. A Superman girl friend.
14. A girl's name.
15. One of the Blackhawks.
17. Gravity rod's owner.
19. Belonging to the Wizard's partner.
21. Superman's Kryptonian family name.
22. Bruce Wayne's inspiration.
23. Old funny mag title.
24. Voice of Bugs Bunny (first name).
25. *Blue Ribbon Comics* feature by Meskin.
28. A *Better Comics* jungle character.
29. Black Knight's first name.
30. _____ Poly, '40's mag.
31. Mister Ed likes his breakfast by this measure.
32. Short for any slick cover periodical.
33. Approves.
34. He was always "Smilin'".
35. *Quality Comics* title.
38. "Et _____, Brute?"
39. Gasoline Alley's __ __ __ __ y.
40. Air Wave's way to go.
41. Initials of old radio youth who always said, "Coming, Mother."
42. DC artist and editor (initial & last name).
44. What invincible heroes never say.
45. What Petunia is.
46. "_____ Wolf", by J. Cassone.
47. Utilitarian part of The Batman's outfit.
48. "Edison _____", of *Four Most Comics*.
49. Arthur _____, movies' "Dag-wood".
51. How "Der Kaptain" would say "Wait "
52. What tne "logo" includes.
53. Messrs. Williamson, Hewetson, & Capp (plural).
54. Feature in *Jungle Comics*.
55. Everett feature in *Daring Mystery*.
56. Publishing Co. first to feature Ghost Rider.
57. A Marcus Welby skill: __ __ __ __ very.
58. Charter member of the JSA.
62. Appeared (once) in *Choice Comics*.
64. What Giordano and Schwartz do. (Giordano doesn't any more)
66. "Capt. _____", by Roy Crane.
67. Belonging to the son of 51 DOWN.
68. What a crook tries to crack.
69. Indispensable to The Batman and Vigilante.

DOWN

1. Belonging to little Mr. Pratt.
2. What Andy Capp is.
3. An age.
4. Davy Nelson's hero role.
5. "_____ Top", Dick Tracy villain.
6. Dynamo's first name (Tower).
7. Initials of Capt. Red Blazer's magazine.
8. *Comics On* _____,Golden Age title.
9. Mexican Indian.
10. Those in political power.
11. Abbrev. of F.D.R. program for the '30's.
12. Joker's hair color.
16. "She" (French).
18. Alien hero, _____-Vell.
20. Exclamation.
23. Betty Ross's jolly(?) green giant.
24. Eastern sages or Wise Men.
25. Silver does it; so does Trigger.
26. Notable Dogpatch family.
27. What Scott and Jordan are (abbrev. plural).
28. Creator of 34 ACCROSS (first name).
29. Miss Arden.
31. Ken _____, *Creepy* artist.
32. Mr. Drucker.
34. Little friend of Dennis The Menace.
35. Andy Capp's size (double meaning).
36. The Waynes' killer.
37. Bill Powers' alter ego.
39. Nickname of X-Men leader.
40. Artist __ __ __ __ Kelly.
43. Many heroes wear m __ __ __ __.
44. Bhadnisian hex words.
45. Streaky to Supergirl.
47. What "The Smith Family" parents had many of.
48. Otto or Jack.
49. "The Green _____".
50. Wife of 51 DOWN.
51. Hal Foster hero (nickname).
52. One of the Metal Men.
54. Miss Trueheart.
55. "Dr. _____", Golden Age hero.
57. Blue Beetle's first name.
58. Thor's lady fair.
59. Chinese Chairman.
60. One of Daddy Warbucks' men.
61. Louis _____, TV comedian.
63. Initials of The Boomerang's civilian identity.
65. Foggy Nelson's position.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 25

WANT MORE CROSSWORDS?

VINCENT MARCHESANO
'71

The Real Jack Kirby

BY... DAVID FRYXELL & WILLIAM REYNOLDS

DEATH IS THE BLACK RACER!
OBLIVION! I FACE OBLIVION! CAN THIS BE SHADOW OF A POWER FOR CHALLENGING ALL POWER!
HAIL, SAD LORD LIGHTRAY! DESTINY HAS DECREED THAT OUR PATHS SHOULD CROSS!

"DEATH IS THE BLACK RACER!" screams the splash page of *New Gods #3*. Notice the word "death". It is written in green. Green is the color of grass! Grass symbolizes LIFE! This proves that LIFE is DEATH and DEATH is LIFE! To LIVE, you must DIE! This means Jack Kirby has some strange ideas, or else he's DEAD!

In the course of trying to escape from the Black Racer's touch, young Lightray hides behind jewellike meteorites. This leads one to believe that diamonds are Lightray's best friend.

Notice also the Black Racer's skis. Why SKIS?? Either the Black Racer has big feet, or Jack Kirby associates death with skiing! This proves Jack Kirby was once KILLED IN A SKIING ACCIDENT!! (See paragraph one above.) This is further proved on page six; Mother Box goes "PING!" Everyone knows "PING!" spelled backwards, is "GNIP," which is the Kree word for mountain. Jack Kirby was KILLED SKIING ON A MOUNTAIN!

Moving right along, on page seven, one of Orion's young friends says of him, "Groovy! He looks like he plays pro football!" In the preceding incident we learned that Orion has an ugly, evil-looking face, hidden by Mother Box. From this we can draw the conclusion that Kirby thinks pro foot-ball players all hide an ugly side by playing pro football.

Page nine. Lightray is saved from the Black Racer's touch by the Boom Tube, which naturally goes BOOM! We now know that in his childhood, young Kirby was saved from death by a friendly cow! This is because BOOM! spelled backwards is "MOOB"! (The 'b' is silent.) Cows go "MOO". This means Kirby writes symbolism about his experiences in his stories. It also means he can read and write backwards.

On page eleven,the Racer streaks over a clothesline. What does this mean? Perhaps Kirby, or a close friend, narrowly escaped being hung on a clothesline. Perhaps Kirby has a strange fear of clotheslines.Probably Kirby needed to fill space, so he drew in the clothesline.

In the third panel of that page, Sugar-man's jacket bears a strange de-sign on the back, quite similar to Charlie Brown's. Charlie Brown symbolizes his creator, Charles Shultz.Sugar-man is killed later by the Black Racer. Therefore, Jack Kirby wishes to take Charles Shultz skiing and KILL him! Why? Perhaps Shultz killed HIM!

Now jump to page nineteen. Look, the Racer's shadow looks like Batman! This proves beyond a...uh...shadow of a doubt that Kirby IS Batman! We can see then that the Batman is DEAD! Therefor, he is ALIVE! (See paragraph one above.)

Notice now the last thing in the book concerned with the New Gods is the letter column! You can't look at just the pictures; you must READ it!! This proves that any two idiots with a comic book can read ANYTHING into it!

***

I'm glad you'll be able to use the story about the Real Kirby.It was fun doing it, and the story behind it is kind of strange; it started out to be a serious review! Then we got to thinking about how a lot of people read things into comics that really aren't there, and we stretched the idea about as far as it could go,really wracking our brains for something terribly outlandish...

=William Reynolds

***

JACK KIRBY

ALL FATHER MAN by TOM FAGAN

Just like the Golden Age Sandman, Jack Kirby is a creator of visions...

However, whereas the Sandman's images meant terror for the most hardened criminals, Kirby's conjurings culled countless hours of delight for even the most jaded of readers.

And even after three decades, Kirby continues to amaze and delight those both old and new to comic books with art, and story, that sweep in an ever-widening panorama of greatness, grandeur, and glory.

Vintage Kirby is like the best of old wines; Modern Kirby is equally heady mead. To savor the Kirby mystique is exhilerating; to experience the Kirby mythos a favor. For Kirby is the stuff that dreams are made of; dreams transformed from pencilings to four-color panels.

Comics and Kirby...the names have a similar ring. They are practically interchangable. To think of one is to think of the other. Kirby might very well be described as:

"THE ALL-FATHER OF COMICS"

Jack Kirby...into comic books almost from the very beginning. The infant industry growing with the man, the man leading the way and the industry following... its rise and fall reflected in his meteoric trail splashing its way from the late 30's on into the 70's.

Young Kirby was at work, for a brief stint, animating Popeye cartoons. And then on into actual comic book work. Strips appeared in the Will Eisner-fashioned Jumbo Comics in its early bedsheet-sized pages. Then came work for Fox, and the drawing of Blue Beetle for a short-lived newspaper strip. And while it lasted, Blue Beetle never had it so good...before or since (except, perhaps, for his short-term revival in the 60's at Charlton when Steve Ditko restored Beetle to that former majesty).

In the meantime, Kirby met Joe Simon, and began work for Timely. Kirby's Mercury and Hurricane, his Vision, Auk and others were all destined to pale when the master team of Simon and Kirby produced the master team of Captain America and Bucky, who were to color comics red, white, and blue for the 40's.

Kirby, with Simon, moved onto National. And there was magic once more. The war cry "The Commandos Are Coming," thrilled the latch-key kids of that era as they read the adventures of Rip Carter and "The Boy Commandos." It was as familiar a warning as Cap's and Bucky's "Yahoo!"

Kid gangs like the Young Allies--- an off-shoot of S&K's creation--- were in vogue. Kirby promptly created another for National...The Newsboy Legion; the father figure this time being the Guardian, again signed with the S&K signature. And though Kirby probably dreamt it then, he was to resurrect the Legion and The Guardian for the readers of the 70's, both in reprint, and original story forms.

Kirby took the Sandman, dressed him in saffron and royal purple, gave him a wirepool gun and a kid assistant, Sandy the Golden Boy. And together the pair plagued the sleep of criminals with prophetic visions of the eventual ends of a life of crime. Though the story line was decidedly better, one did miss the Sandman of old with his green double-breasted suit, his orange hat, the weird gas mask, and the ever-present gas gun. A bizarre attire, but you have to admit the Sandman of old really stood out in a crowd,whereas the new hero and Sandy didn't. Their claim to heredity was due in main to Kirby's exciting art.

Likewise, The Manhunter, another S&K crimefighter, owed his popularity largely to the primitive, primeval action slashed by Kirby over the allotted panels. Manhunter reprinted for the readers of sons of readers of the original stories still retains its majesty today.

Kirby character credits continued.Another company, Harvey had Kirby on Stunt-man with the post war stage. So is Fighting American, who satired the entire super hero genre. Another kid gang.....The Boy Explorers. All three strips, though of brief duration, are the source of cherished comic book reading.

Then Boys Ranch...a summation of Boy Commandos, the Newsboy Legion and other Kirby kids...this time acting out their roles in a setting of the old West. The kid killer, Angel, more bitter than ever from betrayal at the hands of Delilah,the dance hall queen....who can forget that story!

Now with heroes like The Black Owl, Mr. Scarlet, and Green Arrow behind him, Kirby worked for such magazines as Young Date Comics and Headline Comics. Tales of teenage love, funny and tear-jerking at the same time, for Young Date readers,and Gangster and mayhem sagas for Headline.

Recall the Headline cover...the cheap hood with his sexy moll preparing to play the jukebox. The punk with the gun behind them snarling, "Better make it a funeral dirge, Buggsy, 'cause it's the last song you're ever gonna hear!" One doesn't remember if it was Buggsy's last tune or not, but one does remember that scene. Kirby had, and still has, a way of making his readers remember, using such unforgettable touches of dramatics albeit life's seamier side or not.

Comics began a downward trend, but Kirby stuck with them. Monster story after monster story was cranked out for Marvel under the Code's corseted-Code restrictions. The heroes were all but gone now, their colorful capes fading in the late afternoon sun of the 50's.

Then came rebirth, and a new sun flaming over the comic book horizons. It's 1961, and Kirby and Stan Lee introduce the Fantastic Four. The drawing is almost crude when one compares that first issue to the stylized art that was to come. The heroes all have prototypes..Reed Richards as Mr. Fantastic is Plastic Man with a"4" emblazoned on his chest; Sue Richards nee Sue Storm, as the Invisible Girl, is reminiscent of Invisible Scarlet O'Neill; Johnny Storm, the Human Torch, is the original Torch of old reintroduced as a teenage scorching firebrand; and then The Thing...a product of all those dreary monster dregs of the preceding years.

THE Fantastic FOUR
I--I CAN'T TURN INVISIBLE FAST ENOUGH!! HOW CAN WE STOP THIS CREATURE, TORCH?
JUST WAIT AND SEE, SISTER! THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE ONLY BEGUN TO FIGHT!
FEATURING: "THE THING!" "MR. FANTASTIC!" "HUMAN TORCH!" "INVISIBLE GIRL!" TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ONE MIGHTY MAGAZINE!
THE THREE OF YOU CAN'T DO IT ALONE! IT'S TIME FOR THE THING TO TAKE A HAND!
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN ROPES TO KEEP MISTER FANTASTIC OUT OF ACTION!

The Fantastic Four...FANTASTIC. Kirby was once more in his element.The magic returned in swift succession, as Kirby springboarded other Marvel characters into greatness...Antman, Iron Man, and the Mighty Thor. There will be other subsidiary characters that Kirby fans clamor for ...the Silver Surfer, Medusa, and The Inhumans...

Yes, the comics were back and Kirby was with them. Captain America was alive once more in the hands of his originator. The Red Skull lives, unbelievably villainous in rebirth.

Kirby is King! Throughout the 60's, the name of Marvel was synonymized with the double-byline of "Stan 'The Man' Lee and Jack 'King' Kirby". His imagination unfettered, Kirby breathed life into his strips, particularly "The Mighty Thor."

This was mythology recreated, Kirby style! While Spiderman and the FF might have been more popular, the Thor series gradually deepened in scope and depth,becoming a mythos on its own. Asgard became a living realm peopled with heroes and hobgoblins, trolls and titans, giants and gurus. The pantheon was impressive...Odin Thor, Loki, Sif, Balder, Hela, and others assumed dimensions of character and costume that was a joy to behold and more importantly, to read faithfully month after month.

Who among the Kirby followers were not startled when DC books bannered "Kirby Is Coming! Kirby Is Coming!"? Yes, it was true. The king was relinquishing the marvelous scepter. A new throne had been chosen; the king had elected to resume a royal post at National.

Symbolic of the rift was a Thor panel of the time. The god's hurled hammer cleaved a trailer truck in two. Was it merely by chance that the truck was split at a point where Lee and Kirby's names were boldly lettered across its steel side? The division was sharp; it was final. Kirby had severed his relationship with Marvel.

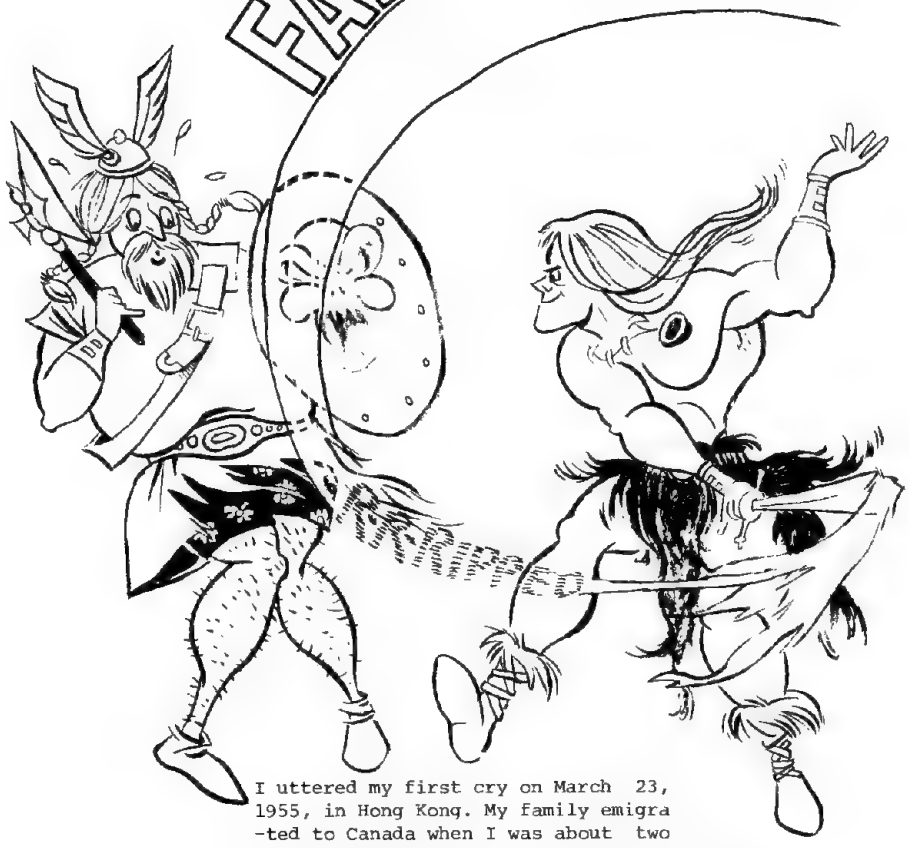
The King is dead; Long Live The King. Jack Kirby is now with National, again! And once more new and exciting characters tumble from his mind and are freed by his brush. A new mythos borning. The eternal struggle of good against evil--or the Kirby version-- Apokolips versus New Genesis.

Read now Kirby's newest creations, & his oldest. Scott Free, Darkseid, Big Bar-da, Mr. Miracle, Mother Box, the Newsboy Legion, the Guardian, Black Racer, Big Bear, Beautiful Dreamer...read them, as they become a part of comic book history.

And while you're reading, Jack Kirby will be ever-weaving news gods, new concepts, new heroes, and new sinners...

For Jack Kirby is a creator of visions...
As such he is king...
As such he is
"THE ALL-FATHER OF COMICS!"

FAN ARTIST PROFILE: DONALD WONG



I uttered my first cry on March 23, 1955, in Hong Kong. My family emigra-ted to Canada when I was about two years old and I have been living here ever since. I spent most of my childhood doodling on walls and card-board boxes. My only art training was from a cartoon homecourse from Ohio (I would not recommend this to anyone). I started out by drawing su-perheroes (Flash Gordon, Phantom, Superman, Spiderman, Thor, FF, etc.) but I was terribly bored. Humor had always been my bag so I took up car-tooning. The rest you know...

Samples of my fan work will soon be printed in *Fantastic Fanzine*, *The Wonderful World of Comix*, *RBCC* (pos-sibly) and, of course, *The Collector*. Professionally, I have sold three cartoons to *GOLF* magazine @$50, two to *SKI* magazine also @ $50, two to *MEDICAL TRIBUNE* @$50, and numerous girlie ones. I like to concentrate on selling, but I never seem to have the time.

My other hobbies include learning to play the guitar and listening to the radio. I buy anything the Beatles put out together or singly. My other favorite singers are/were : Donavan Simon & Garfunkle, Rolling Stones, Gordon Lightfoot, Five Man Electric Band, etc. I watch very little tele-vision, but the shows I make a point of watching are *All In The Family* & *The Carol Burnett Show*.

GREEN HORN

THE ALL MONSTER!

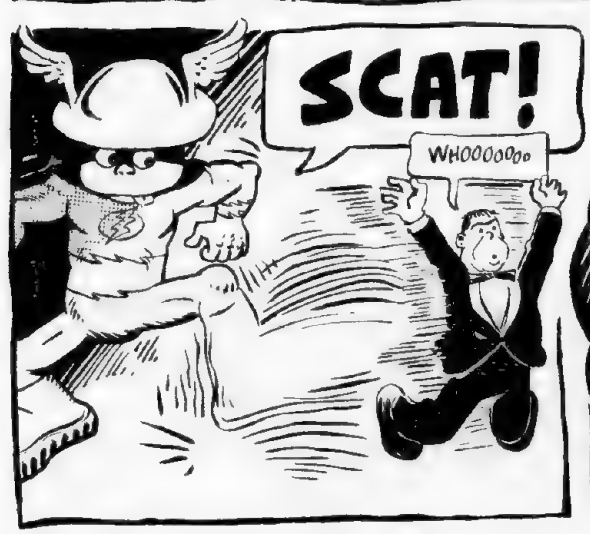
with GREEN BEAM

GREEN FASTFOOT

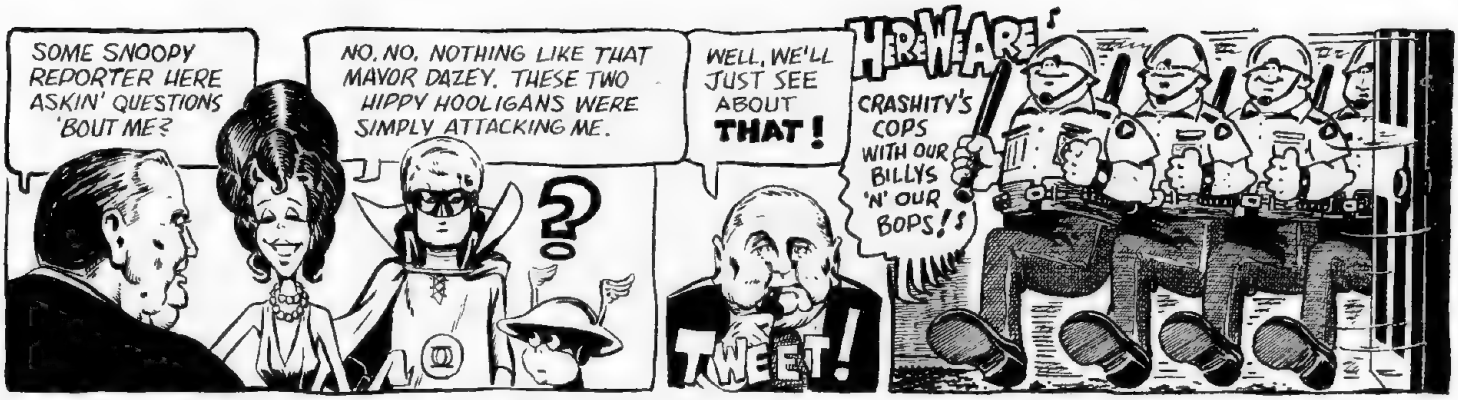
CHAPTER TWO "FEMME FATALE"

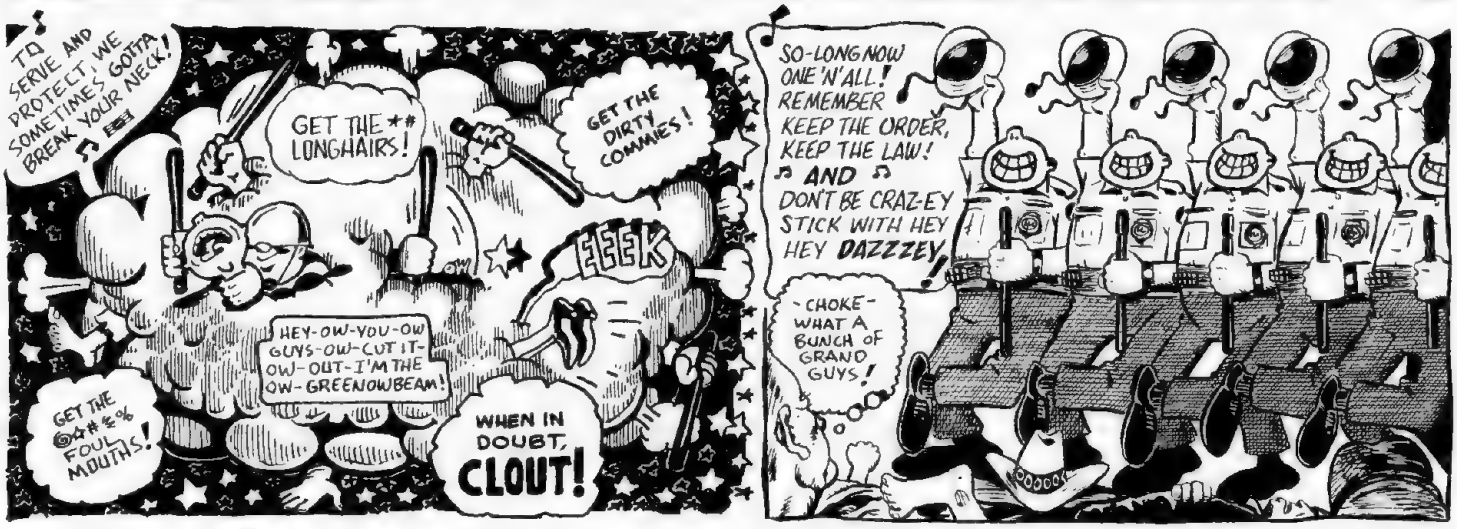
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED, ANNIE.
GREEN BEAM, DAH-LING! DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU AT MY PARTY OF COURSE-BUT WHERE IS THE GREEN RING? IT WAS HE WHO I INVITED.
AND WHO IS THIS STUBBY LITTLE CREATURE?
CAN DA CORN, SWEETHEART! THE RING IS ME COUSIN 'N' HE'S BUSY! HE ASKED ME TA COME! DISHERE IS ME LITTLE BROTER, THE GREEN FASTFOOT!
IT'S AN ORDERLY PARTY, I TELL YOU...
IT COULD STILL BE MORE...
NO, MADAM, MY COUNTRY HAS NO BIRTH CONTROL PROGRAM.
-HANLEY '71
-AND WE'RE HERE ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

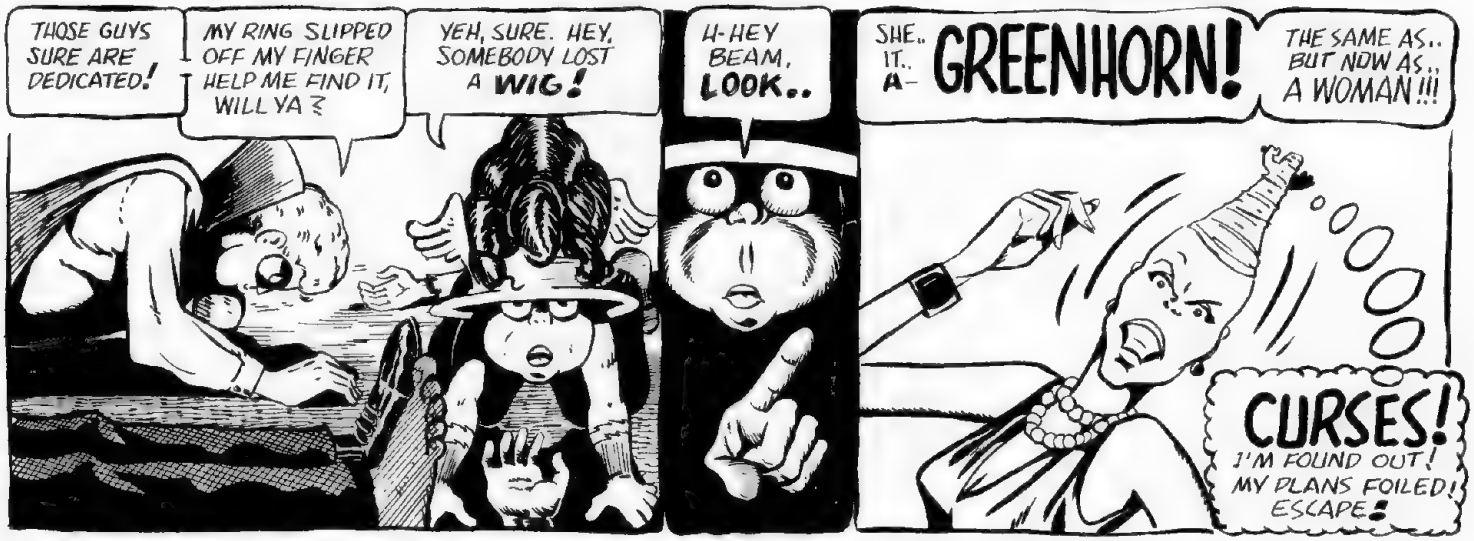
OFFICIAL BUSINESS? WHY, WHATEVER CAN YOU MEAN BY THAT?
WELL, FER OPENERS, SISTER, WE WANNA KNOW HOW IT IS THAT, YOU, A COMPLETE STRANGER TO CRASH CITY, HAS RISEN TO THE TOP OF THE SOCIAL SET HERE IN JIST A COUPLA MONTHS!



LOOK, LADY, WE WANT ANSWERS, NOT PUZZLES! WHY ARE YOU BACKING KNOWN THUGS IN LOCAL ALDERMANIC ELECTIONS? HOW DOES THAT TIE IN WITH YOUR COURTING OF CIVIC, BUSINESS AND POLITICAL LEADERS OF THE HARD LAW AND ORDER VARIETY?!?
HUH?
AND WHAT'S THE SOURCE OF YOUR WEALTH?


SOME SNOOPY REPORTER HERE ASKIN' QUESTIONS 'BOUT ME?
NO, NO. NOTHING LIKE THAT MAYOR DAZEY. THESE TWO HIPPY HOOLIGANS WERE SIMPLY ATTACKING ME.
?
WELL, WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT!
TWEET!
HERE WE ARE!
CRASHITY'S COPS WITH OUR BILLYS 'N' OUR BOPS!


TO SERVE AND PROTECT, WE SOMETIMES GOTTA BREAK YOUR NECK!
GET THE *# LONGHAIRS!
GET THE DIRTY COMMIES!
EEEK
HEY-OW-YOU-OW GUYS-OW-CUT IT-OW-OUT-I'M THE OW-GREENOWBEAM!
GET THE @&#$% FOUL MOUTHS!
WHEN IN DOUBT, CLOUT!
SO-LONG NOW ONE 'N' ALL! REMEMBER KEEP THE ORDER, KEEP THE LAW! ♫ AND ♫ DON'T BE CRAZ-EY STICK WITH HEY HEY DAZZZEY!
-CHOKE- WHAT A BUNCH OF GRAND GUYS!
OOOOOO


THOSE GUYS SURE ARE DEDICATED!
MY RING SLIPPED OFF MY FINGER HELP ME FIND IT, WILL YA?
YEH, SURE. HEY, SOMEBODY LOST A WIG!
H-HEY BEAM, LOOK..
SHE.. IT.. A- GREENHORN!
THE SAME AS.. BUT NOW AS.. A WOMAN!!!
CURSES! I'M FOUND OUT! MY PLANS FOILED! ESCAPE!

IT'S LEAPING OUT- QUICK, MY RING!
THIS FINISHES THE FEMALE GREENHORN BUT I SHALL RISE AGAIN!!
TOO LATE- I THINK!..
THUD
THIS GREENHORN THING IS QUITE A MYSTERY... OH, THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, MAYOR!
ER- DATS OKAY! A COMPLETE INVESTIGATION OF EXONERATION WILL BE MADE!!
JUST WHAT CAN THIS GREENHORN CREATURE BE?
?
GREEN AMERICA GETS A CHANCE TO FIND OUT NEXT!
MAYBE...

FUNNY ANIMALS FOR A FUNNY FANZINE

BY: DWIGHT DECKER

Most fans -- certainly most of those reading this -- are super-hero fans. Also, they go in for pre- code horror, science fiction like EC used to make, and sword and sorcery. Adventure stuff, in other words. When it comes to funny animals, most fans seem to blanch. "That baby stuff..?"

Not all fans, mind you. There's a growing interest in Disney characters; and if this means anything, that rather well-known dealer famous for his New Low Prices (HAR!) has jumped on the bandwagon by pricing Disney stuff sky-high. A few years a-go, you could pick up the Dell Single Series with the first Uncle Scrooge for maybe 35¢-- now, to buy it from Mr. New Low Prices means an outlay of some twelve bucks (unless you would prefer to save your allowance until you had fifteen and buy a genyoowine Dixie Cup slobbered in & autographed by Frank Frazetta!). You will notice, though, that just certain titles, and only certain issues of those titles, are keeping the gou-ger's liquor cabinet stocked. The answer in part is the artist-writer, Carl Barks, who in his own way is an authentic genius. There's more involved, though.

Working at a university library that collects comic books, I spent many nights listing, cataloguing,and filing old comics. If you think I studiously ignored everything that passed through my hands -- forget it. If I had ignored the things, it wouldn't have taken many nights to do the job. Particularly with Dells & later Gold Keys, as well as "funny titles" from assorted other brands,I noticed a depressing similarity. It didn't matter if the comic said *Woody Woodpecker, Porky Pig* or *Charlie McCarthy*-- the darn things were all alike. Childlishly written, yawningly funny, and quite lacking in character development. From the internal logic of the thing, Woody Woodpecker Super Duck, Porky Pig, and Charlie McCarthy are all going to have different personalities; in fanny animal comic book practice they don't. The writers (unless, as some say, an Illuminati robot in the basement of the Council on Foreign Relations building in downtown New York writes them all-- and the anonymity of schlock writers makes it pretty plausible!!) seem to use the same plots, same gimmicks, over and over again. Consider Charlie McCarthy. He is hardly a funny animal per se, but genetic terms are never precise, and he does fit into the genre. He was a little ventriloquist dummy of years ago. He appeared in some movies with his human manipulator, Edgar Bergen, and a fellow dummy named Mortimer Snerd. Come the comic book,Bergen is nowhere to be seen. It's just Charlie and Mortimer running around having stupid adventures like all the other ducks, rabbits, mice, cats,and pushmi-pullyus! Although the artist, an unknown funny animal hack of the 50's period, drew McCarthy and Snerd to resemble their appearance in the movies, the other characters and the backgrounds were stock funny animal cliches.

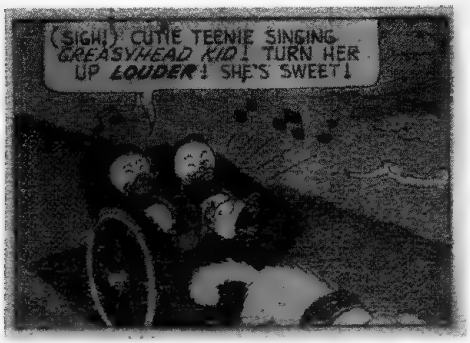
Admittedly, it's pretty hard to take a character from another medium and accurately reproduce it for comic books. Most artists didn't even try. Carl Barks was different. Given the Disney characters to work with, he adapted them to comic books, changing them enough to fit the demands of grinding out ten page stories every month for *Walt Disney's Comics And Stories*, yet discarding nothing really essential. In fact, his first comic book story, Pirate Gold, was based on the storyboards for an animated cartoon feature he had been working on while at the Disney studios,a project later shelved and which he resurrected when he took up comic book work. Starting from there, Barks gave his stories well-written plots that delight children and challenge the in-genuity of adults in their intricate comedy. Even kids find most funny com-ics tough going, but apparently all ages find Barks worth their while.

Hmmm. After that little pitch, Mr. Slick'll be raising that first Un-cle Scrooge to fifteen.

Now in a comic book, what does it take to have good writing? A number of things; but one of the most im-portant is the visual aspect. Comics are movies on paper, and like in movies, timing is paramount. What is the climax of a gag, what leads up to it, where does it go from there--how long does it take to get that gag in the progression of a story. If a story moves too slowly, the reader is bored -- too fast and he doesn't get caught up in the millieu of the unfolding story and misses the whole thing.

Looking at a Barks comic, we can see how his animated cartoon training taught him timing, how one development follows another in a brisk pace and in logical progression. For instance, in WDC&S #370 (July, 1971),we have a 1952 Barks reprint of a Donald Duck story. The gag is that the house boat catches on fire. Barks takes 4 pages to build up to it, all with inexorable logic. First, Huey, Dewey, & Louie get bored fishing. They catch 1 fish and put him in the drinking water barrel to make a pet out of it. The- then decide to dig a diving hole in the sandbar over which their house boat is anchored. They cut the lid off a gasoline can and use it for a scoop, unable to find a shovel.Donald finds the fish in the barrel, and has to boil water to get a drink. The stove won't light. The fuel tank is out of gas. Absent-mindedly he throws the match out the window, and looks for the gasoline can. In a three panel sequence the truth comes out. The gasoline was emptied over the side. And Donald had thrown a lighted match out the window...

That's plotting! That's pacing! And the characterization is excellent. True, Barks' characterization of Donald gradually diverged from the Disney cartoon version, but many feel Barks simply improved on Donald; made him more (can we say this about a duck?) human. At any rate, easier to relate to than the squawking prig on the screen.



Barks

Barks has retired. Did Gold Key find another master of the craft to replace him? No-- they went out and got some hacks of the first water. In place of Barks' meticulous,expressive art, we have bland, simple mediocrity. Barks' characters moved-- the new guys' are stilted and often just a little too cute to stomach. Barks still writes an occasional script,but all too often the new stories are atrociously puerile-- poorly paced and as funny as an assassination. Which they are.

The identity of Barks was discovered only after considerable sleuthing on the part of dedicated fans. A few other funny animal type artists are known, like John Stanley. Stanley

Crapola

GENERALS HUEY, LOUIE AND DEWEY SEEM TO BEAR GOOD TIDINGS, TROOPERS!
SWEET NEWS WE SHOULD SAY, GREAT S.A.P.P.Y. P.A.P.P.Y.!
STERN ADVOCATOR of PEANUT-KING YARDMASTERISM and FEARLESS ABECEDARIAN PRODUCER of PRAISEWORTHY YOUTH.

I personally don't care for, but can objectively say he did outstandingly creative work on *Little Lulu* and the first issue of *O.G. Whiz*.For the most part, the Funny-men remain shrouded in well-deserved anonymity. It's not easy to despise an Illuminati robot, so I have a habit of referring to the clown responsible for the post-Barks Donald Duck disasters as Luigi Crapola. Luigi because most comic book people are either Italian or Jewish, and the Jewish Defense League is more of a threat out here than the Mafia; Crapola for obvious reasons.

Printed alongside here some-ace will be examples of Barks and apola. Crapola went back to the ld school of using every cliche in ne books, as well as adopting a disressing habit of having his characrs limpwrist a faggy "Yoohoo!" every hree panels, or screech an idiotic WAK!" every two. Much of the Barks ppeal lay in his subtle, punny wordplay. Crapola's wordplay is crude,and after two pages of it, disgustingly childish.

I think I just cut my own throat. After *that* pitch, Mr. Rooken will be charging more for the first Uncle Scrooge than he does for the first *Fantastic Four*. Lord knows my Barks set isn't complete yet.So perhaps I'd better quit here before I end up having to pawn my model trains to buy old comics.

end

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THE YEAR 1972 AHEAD

AS OF DECEMBER 31 OF LAST YEAR Billy Graham is no longer Managing Editor of Warren Publications; he is again devoting his time to the field of il-lustration. While freelancing in the future, he will continue to serve as a special consultant and an artist for the company. By the time this news sees print, a new replacement will already have been named,or will be named not long afterwards.

SOME THINGS WORTH LOOKING INTO FOR '72: DC's Tarzan and Korak books, which promise to follow closely to ERB's original version. // Marvel's new DOC SAVAGE book with Ross Andru illustrating. (and also the possibility of a DOC SAVAGE movie!) // The further adventures of the Roy Thomas /Gil Kane creation, WARLOCK. // Phil Seuling's '72 NY Con, which is rumored to be even bigger, better, and longer than last year's con! //ROBERT CRUMB's cartoon feature of FRITZ THE CAT. /// 1972 looks like a winner!!!

Two More FANZINE COVERS that

never saw print...

DEATH: THY COLOR BE ORANGE

by TOM FAGAN

ILLUSTRATIONS: MARTIN L. GREIM

PART 3

Synopsis

The Flying Dutchman and Prince Tonoye battled among the clouds. As the Prince came toward him in a des-perate death-dive, the Dutchman barely avoided a collision, and e-ven with both legs broken, he mana-ges to parachute to safety, only to be picked up by a Japanese ship.

Meanwhile, Prince Tonoye has crashed in the jungle. His horribly burnt body is covered with a speci-ally prepared earth and buried in a pit by Natives who believe him to be their Fire God. As their legend foretells, the Prince rises from the grave as "The Salamander".

But the Prince is unhappy with his renaissance, and tries to com-mit suicide...but bullet, spear, sword, and fire all prove ineffect-ive because he is immortal. So, he vows to avenge himself with the Dutchman for making him into this grotesque monster...

Now here is Tom's conclusion to his in-depth study of The Flying Dutch-man and his adventures...

Returning to Japan, the Prince keeps his real identity a secret, but in his role as The Salamander, he soon becomes as dreaded an air foe to Allied pilots as he was as Prince Tonoye. And, in time, the Dutchman, recuperating in a prison camp,has a visitor. It is a strange shrouded being who keeps his face & exposed parts of his body carefully hidden in the shadows. The Dutchman is given a gun and allowed to es-cape. He and his "benefactor" meet again on a moon-lit deserted air-strip where waits a modern-zero and a two-winged aircraft of ancient vintage.

Pulling aside the hood of his shroud, Prince Tonoye reveals him-self as The Salamander.At the sight of the monstrous, lizard-like face that greets him, The Dutchman, re-pulsed at the sight, exclaims, "WHAT?!! Ugh!! What a nightmare YOU are!

Hate is essenced in a snarling statement:"Yes!!--A pretty sight---am I not? And YOU are to blame!!For I am Prince Tonoye!! Do you remem-ber how I went down in flames?"

The Dutchman would rather for-get, but the Salamander declares his intention of an air duel in which, "I'll burn the living flesh from your body...in the AIR!...With my flame-thrower...I'll hear you cry for mercy!!"

The Dutchman is not about to cry for mercy, but he does complain, "You expect me to fly in THAT CRATE? Why--It's 100 miles per hour SLOWER that YOUR ship!! I wouldn't have a chance!--and you FORGET I have this gun!"

"Go ahead you fool!! SHOOT!!!!" taunts the Salamander. "I think I will, Frog-Puss!!" shouts the Dutch-man, firing off four shots directly into the face of The Salamander. The result is a frustrating reply-- "Ha! Ha! Ha! Bullets are so oldfashioned! Ho! Ho! You can't kill me!"

With no other choice, the Dutch-man takes to the skies in the dated bi-plane, and the Salamander is off after the "white barbarian"with sear-ing white-hot blasts emitting from the flame-thrower in the zero.

"I will kill you slowly--- make you suffer as I have!! I'll roast you by degrees!!"

With flames searing the very cockpit about him, the Dutchman has but one chance, and takes it, delib-erately crashing the zero.Two planes rip apart in the sky. "I cannot die! cries The Salamander, almost immedi-ately realizing, "The sea!!---- I'm falling into the sea!! The water.... will..." Which it does, as the Sal-amander's heavy-scaled skin pulls him down, presumably forever, into claiming, suffocating depths.

A U.S. lauch rescues the Dutch-man from a watery death and the sea is cheated of a second victim. As he clambers aboard with the aid of Am-erican sailors, the Dutchman hopes, "That bad dream is out of my life forever!!"

"BUT--IS The Salamander gone?" asks Air Fighters Comics, emphasiz-ing the question with a big red ques-tion mark. "Will he strike at the Allies again?" (Another bold red question mark.)

Flying Dutchman met, of course many other Japanese masters of evil. However, there were few Asiatic men-aces who could equal the villainy of the fear-inspiring Salamander.Three, though, deserve mention in any hist-ory that is written about the saga of The Flying Dutchman...

Perhaps the most brutal of the Dutchman's oriental foes was Bolo, "the emperor's favorite puppeteer." Bolo made his short-lived debut in *Air Fighters Comics*, Vol. 1, No. 11 dated August, 1943. Right off, you knew the story would be an unusual one, for Bolo was headlined flamboy -antly as "The Puppeteer of Death" and Dutchman fans were immediately warned that their hero had no inten -tion of buying a ticket to "this murder show!!"

Bolo's tactics were inhuman. Showing the type of monster he was, the bearded brute would stop at no-thing in his vendetta against the Allied forces; not even the life of fellow Japanese.

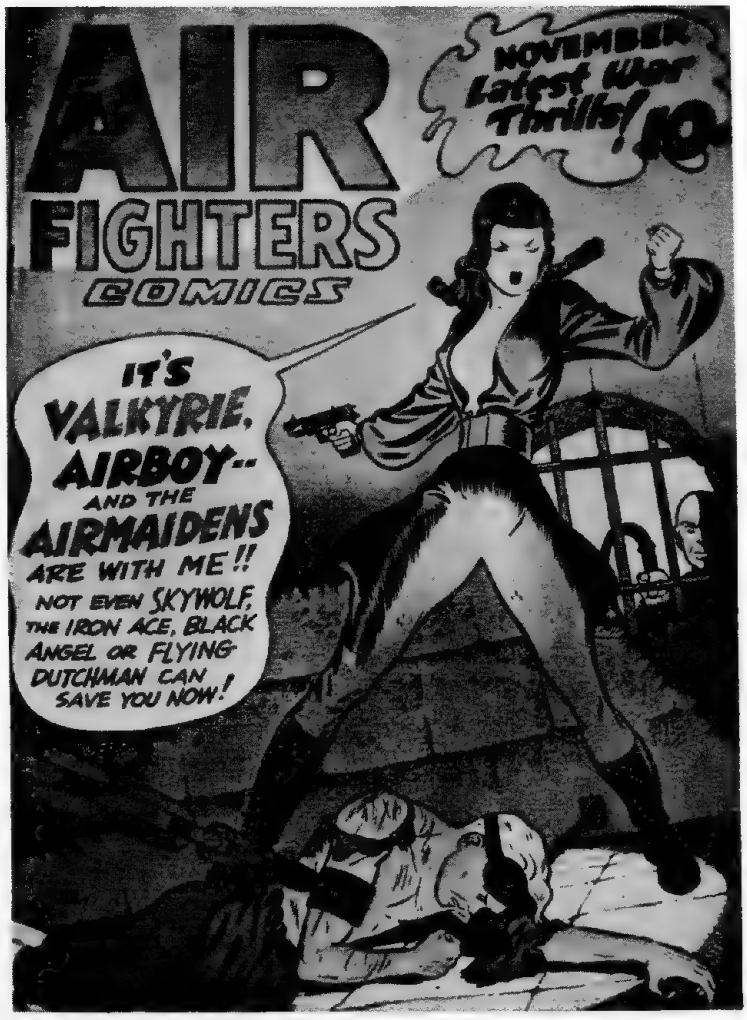
Bolo's weapons? Pigmy-sized Japanese from "Japan's Strange Is-land of Formosa!" unwillingly strung by cable from the wings of Nipponese fighter planes, and car-ried aloft. And it is this strange sight that greets:
"An American Eagle Squadron roaring through the skies...It is led by The Flying Dutchman..."

A graphic massacre of living human beings is depicted by Tony Di Preta, the story's artist, as:
"Then...Plane after plane of the A-merican squadron is crippled as the human cable-weights swing into the paths of thundering props!!"But one plane escapes the holocaust. It is the orange Airacobra, and the Fly-ing Dutchman starts to even the score for his fallen companions.His comment about the use of the little people as human tools of destruct-ion?
"This new Nip weapon may be cruel & inhuman---but it's certainly effec-tive."

With this remarkable show of concern for the life of any fellow man, enemy or not, the Dutchman pounds out his own personal attack against the enemy craft. In the pur -suit of Bolo that follows, one of the "little men" slips his cable snare and lands on the wing of the Dutchman's plane. Here he is really no safer, for in order to make the belligerent pigmy-man reveal Bolo's identity and home base, the Dutch-man flys the Airacobra upside down with the midget still clinging ter-rified to the wing.

Needless to say, the doll-like man is almost immediately telling Flying Dutchman everything and any-thing he wants to know. Never once let into the cockpit of the Airaco-bra, the tiny man clings to the wing all the way back to his Formo-san village where, with a sharp dip of the craft, he is tumbled into a meadow, but not before he has been given a message to deliver.

When Bolo hears the ultimatum, he snarls:
"So! Flying Dutchman will bomb Jap-anese people if Bolo doesn't meet him in sky battle! Well...We shall see!!"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IT'S VALKYRIE, AIRBOY-- AND THE AIRMAIDENS ARE WITH ME!!
NOT EVEN SKYWOLF, THE IRON ACE, BLACK ANGEL OR FLYING DUTCHMAN CAN SAVE YOU NOW!

To the dismay of the little people, one of whom asks, "Why you not fight Dutchman with guns??" Bo-lo gathers four of them up and then threads them on a cable, two to a wing. The puppeteer's plane roars heavenward seeking the Dutchman.

It is a meeting not long in co -ming. With a tricky aerial manuev-er, the Airacobra avoids the human pendants ("I don't like to pick mid -gets out of my motor!!" laughs the Dutchman) and is in position above poised for the kill.

"The terrified Jap (Bolo)knows he'll be blasted!!" No believer in the oriental code of seppuku (less formally known as hara-kiri) "Bolo begins rising from his cockpit to bail out!!" But his four unwilling hostages have a dissenting view. Cries on: "No! If we die, Bolo die with us!! Swing toward propeller!!" And as the story relates in a fast and flaming conclusion...

"In a flash, the tiny bodies are thrashed into a mad tangle..... The motor is stalled..." "YIIIII!!" screams Bolo, as the stricken craft plunges sickenly downward, & should there be any doubt in the reader's mind as to the final outcome, the caption reads, "Bolo can't bail out ...It's too late!!!"

A flaming downed Japanese plane and the Airacobra winging safe and unscathed above is the fi-nal panel of this tale of brutality and the Flying Dutchman's bit of parting philosophy as another chap-ter ends in his crusading career?It is this:
"Whew!! What caused that Nippo to go down so fast? Maybe they're so double-crossing that they enjoy su-icide more than victory now!!"

The Flying Dutchman changed his base of operations (in the lat-er stories) practically with each new issue of *Air Fighters Comics*. Vol. 2, No. 7, April, 1944, finds the Airacobra landing at a northern base held by the U.S. off the coast of Alaska. His opponent this time was to be an ornithologist of con-siderable talent, though the story never referred to him as such in an academic way, preferring rather to use the less-glowing appelation of "runt Jap". Action is swift-paced. The Dutchman calls on the base com-mander only to find the good colon-el has a knife in his back and blood (yes, they showed blood in

THE Flying DUTCHMAN
IT HAPPENED ON AN ISLAND HELD BY THE U.S. OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA... THE FLYING DUTCHMAN LEARNED A STRANGE JAP LESSON---AND WHEN HE RECOVERED FROM HIS SURPRISE, HE TAUGHT THE NIPS ONE !!
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN ARRIVES AT A NORTHERN U.S. BASE....
I THINK COLONEL PARSONS EXPECTS ME..
YES...

comics back then!) freely flowing from the wound. Just as startling is the sight that appears silhouetted against the full moon framed by the open office window.

"For...Winging through the night is the odd figure of a runt Jap...riding like a jockey astride a giant bird. As the story progresses, the reader learns there are 4 such birds and that:
"They're gila condors-and very intelligent---The Japs get 'em from Malaya and slit their tongues so that they can speak."

The birds do speak, and they do so in Japanese, but this poses no language reading barrier for the bird talk is freely translated. One of the ugly and razor-sharp beaked, feathered monstrosities is particularly fond of chirping, "Buddha is hungry! Buddha is want meat! Buddha is want meat!!"

The speed of the birds is such that even in the Airacobra, Dutchman has trouble trailing them to an island stronghold. Yet he manages; lands the plane unnoticed and disperses, easily, a Japanese soldier who is apparently the single guard on the entire island. The guard's mighty swing with a sword is next to useless. Dutchman puts him out of commission with a terriffic roundhouse punch and the pointed re-mark:
"...Have to swing fast when your victim's legs aren't tied, butcher"

A bit further inland, the Flying Dutchman comes upon the bandy-legged "runt" Japanese and relieves him of the papers stolen from the colonel's office. While his small-legged foe screams with rage, Dutchman readily sees the documents are the "U.S. Defense Plans for the Alaskan Islands!!!"

Presumably the story is about to end at this point. Not so; "Buddha" and the other three birds plunge viciously onto the Dutchman, all wanting "meat". Their Japanese master orders them off, promising the Dutchman as table fare at a later time. "No, white dirt--I leave you well tied! And these island defense plans will go where they can do Japan the most good!" gloats the Japanese, as he and the birds wing off into the nighttime skies.

A sharp rock easily severs the bonds and the Dutchman is free again Another sentry appears, but three rapid swings end his efficiency efficiently. "Feeling these Japs bounce is even more fun than shooting 'em!" thinks the Dutchman, and with the Aurora borealis providing a lighting background befitting a champion of might and right he is soon airborne in the orange Airacobra.

"A 'Broadside' of '50's' and a nose cannon," is squeezed off by the doughty Dutchman and "the condors explode in a cloud of feathers!" However, "Buddha" still carrying the "Jap leader" has peeled off to escape. As the Airacobra closes in for the kill, the Dutchman hums gaily, "...Eenie--Meenie--Mynie--Mo, Mister Condor you're too slow--I think I'll end this little show; I press the button---And there you go!!"

More feathers flying. Buddha's master hangs suspended in the air for a moment and then---drops! And the chauvinism of the era is summed up in the Dutchman's parting words to the reader:
"What'll the Japs think of next?-It might be a good idea for them if they tried to discover some sure way to stay alive---Because we're going to dish out the Hari-Kari." Of course that proper spelling is "hara-kiri", but the reader got the idea despite the misspelling. Who the hell worried about grammar! There was a war going on! Man--and the Dutchman was telling us about it!

By the time *Air Fighters Comics* Vo. 2, No. 9, labeled a "Winter Quarterly" came into the hands of those anxious readers of 1944, the Japanese warriors of the comic pages were so hard pressed by the Dutchman they resorted to wizardry and calling upon an evil foe, one thousand years dead. One might presume from this it became more difficult all the time for the Japanese to dig up a foe worthy of the Dutchman.

Human sacrifice starts off the story nicely. A group of Japanese pilgrims have come to the "ancient castle of Yugao." One of their number is thrown from a high cliff before the others enter the temple of "he (who) was the wizard of his race!!" Incense is burned before "a huge painting of a strange birdlike

machine...To the spell-bound mystical Japanese, Yugao The Wizard was the very first man to master the science of flight...And they believe that this Wizard will destroy Japan's enemies in the end!"

"...He promised that his flying machine would always save us from defeat!" This bone-chilling prophecy--at least as far as the Allied forces were concerned--could not be easily dismissed. For within a few days Allied planes were found downed and the faces of the pilots twisted in horror.

But, even a source of evil centuries old hadn't reckoned with the Dutchman, and alone in his Airacobra he set off, declaring, "I'm going to get to the bottom of these pilot disasters! And I won't scare so easily!!"

In no time at all the airborn Dutchman comes upon the scene of a weird bird-like craft whistling down onto"a big Army transportplane carrying a group of officers to a secret destination." It is the same plane pictured in the painting of the ancient temple.

Dutchman is unable to stop the weird craft from causing the transport to go into a suicide dive that results in the death of all aboard. But he can give chase, and this he does, leaving the Airacobra to crash as he nimbly springs thru the air to catch a handhold on the nightmarish craft that has now suddenly sprouted three great,clawlike arms that try to seize him in their terrible grasp.

Yet even this magic does not prevent the Flying Dutchman from gaining access to "the odd cockpit" The arms subside to disappear into the sides of the plane and it is then the Dutchman hears "a slow, heavy Japanese voice" addressing him:
"You have made a mistake,white man! For now you ride with Yugao The Wiz-ard--And you ride to your death... Ha! Ha!--I cannot die---For I died a thousand years ago!! But you go now!!" trumpets the unseen entity.

With that "the craft tilts its nose downward and begins a screaming plunge toward destruction" Which you might think very well meant the end of The Dutchman especially had you noticed that when he leaped aboard he was wearing no parachute, nor was one shown aboard the ghostly craft. Nonetheless, the Dutchman slides the cockpit open, saying, "Maybe you haven't heard, Mr. Wizard, but we modern fliers have a stunt called 'bailing out'--Here's how it works..." And as the devil-plane crashes with a thunderous explosion far below, The Flying Dutchman, suspended by parachute,la-zily drifts down to safety.

Simultaneously in the old castle, the painting shifts, showing the plane of Yugao crashing in

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN
FROM AN OLD JAP PAINTING ON A CASTLE WALL, THERE CAME THE FLYING MACHINE OF YUGAO!—AND IT WROTE THE MOST TERRIBLE... CHAPTER IN THE FLYING DUTCHMAN'S CAREER!!

flames."What does this mean?" asks a pilgrim of his leader. It means just what *Air Fighters Comics* has been saying all through the war,but the words of the scowling but thoughtful Japanese shown in the last panel sum it up:
"...A man without fear conquered it! The legend said that this must be our warning of a superior white enemy...An enemy who can defeat us!!"

These were words to soon bear bitter fruit and grimmer reality than any comic book "horror" had yet devised. On Aug. 6, 1945, the port city of Hiroshima on the Japanese island of Honshu, was devastated by the first atomic bomb used in warfare. Within days, Japan surrendered to the United States, and World War II was over!

The war was over; peace at last. Even the comic books reflected the more gentle, dovish feelings of the time. Hillman got back on a monthly publication schedule and by the time Vol. 2, No. 12, dated January 1946, was in the hands of read-ers the magazine with Flying Dutch-man and cohorts was named *Airboy Comics*. (The change of name became official with No. 11 of Volume 2.)

As one person observed,Hillman might very easily have renamed the magazine *"Air Fliers Comics"*if they felt *Air Fighters* too harsh a name now that peace had come. But face it, Airboy was the star of the mag-azine and had been for a long time. Black Angel had already been dropped, and the time was fast approach-ing when so too would the Flying Dutchman, Sky Wolf, Iron Ace, Bald Eagle, and Skinny McGinty. The only

ones of "the old gang" who would re-main until the magazine ceased pub-lication were Airboy and The Heap, whose ever-growing popularity would lead him to the status of a major character with a series of his own. Thus it was fitting the magazine be called, Airboy Comics.

Even as military men were having trouble readjusting to civilian life, so too was the Flying Dutchman (or rather his writer) having a difficult time in establishing himself in a rather routine comic book world without nefarious Germans and Japanese to encounter at every turn.

In a battle against less malignant forces of evil, there seemed little place for an Airacobra with a top speed of 400 miles an hour & a service ceiling of 35,000 feet.Besides the plane was dated; jets had come into being. Still the Flying Dutchman continued to fly the spunky little craft, though it was no longer colored orangeand the emblazoned "V" for Victory sign once evident on its fuselage was not only not there but had long been forgotten, as had the reason of historical significance behind having painted the plane orange originally.

There were no more white roses to trail over the path of enemies crashing to their death. There were no more "runt Japs" and monocled, sneering German colonels to taunt. There were no more of many things that lent original spice to the Dutchman tales.

What of Helga Manning? What of the hidden air hangar in the Scottish crags? What of Jan's former life? Would he resume it in Holland, his beloved Holland? Apparently not. Never very consistent in story line anyway, the later Dutchman stories completely disregard the settings laid down in the original chapter set down in 1941.

"Flying Dutchman Returns Today," said a story headline in *Airboy Comics,* Vol. 2, No. 12. Where did he return for the promised "welcome hom treatment"? Was it Rotterdam, the Zuider Zee, Amsterdam, or any place in the Netherlands, or was it Scotland, which had harbored him in the early days?

No, mundanely and strangely enough it was to "an Eastern City"in the United States. And an ensuing victory parade (after an adventure in Maine) was held in Burlington, Vermont! Which was certainly a departure from all the readers had been given to understand about Flying Dutchman's original background. Yet making Flying Dutchman apparently a Vermonter did not come as "too much of a surprise" at least to Green Mountain State readers. They sorta suspected it from the beginning. The Flying Dutchman was always well thought of in Vermont; in fact, this writer--a Vermonter himself--thought enough of The Dutchman to write this chronicle 2 decades later!

Still in truth the flavor was fast going out of the Flying Dutchman stories. An encounter with the legendary crew of Hendrick Hudson's men in the Catskill Mountains, supposedly the same ones who had drugged Rip Van Winkle, turned out to be nothing more than an elaborate ruse to steal The Flying Dutchman's plane. This disappointing tale "graced" the pages of *Airboy Comics* Vol. 3, No. 4 of May, 1946.

Three issues later*[Airboy Comics Vol. 3, No. 6, July, 1946]*, another uninspired chapter was written in which the Flying Dutchman came to grips with a "Murder Club", whose members were all persons who had failed in individual attempts to commit suicide. Masterminding the "club" members was a man convicted of murder, and eager to avenge himself on the judge and jury who had tried him. Needless to say, the club was shortly disbanded within a few pages of heroics by the Dutchman.

The final Flying Dutchman story appeared in *Airboy Comics* Vol.3 No. 7, dated August 1946. The end had been coming for a long time but surprisingly enough the last story was a rather good one.

A meek "window-dresser" suddenly fines love in the person of a glamorous store model. The price for her affection--the death of the Flying Dutchman. Her stated reason-The Dutchman "murdered" her brother ...The truth--"He sent my brother 'up the river' for ten years because he was a smuggler."

Tricked into believing the false story, the enamored one shoots the Flying Dutchman;or thinks he does. The Dutchman's trained reactions allow him to drop to the ground with the bullet safely whizzing past.

To climax the story in good, old-fashioned gory style, the fleeing model stalls her car directly in the path of a hurdling, oncoming locomotive. "And so----- Death comes to Laura Devoe..Death as violent as her life."

What happend to The Flying Dutchman? Sadly enough, the stories don't tell. However, nothing limits the imagination. One can write his own ending.

Did The Dutchman perhaps go on fighting in every major holocaust that followed World War II, using new identities and symbols? Did he appear each time when the cause of freedom was threatened anew? Is he still doing this?Does he now fly over the skies of Viet Nam? Maybe...

Perhaps for those who lament grand men and high places,failing to recognize such still exists about them, the ideal of the Dutchman as an everlasting legend is a good one.

More so, than as often happens in real lufe, to imagine him "a perennial veteran," a blowzy individual talking to anyone who will listen--and even those who won't--how, "We really had it tough back in the 'Big War'." Drinking beer after the annual Veteran's Day Parade and bleary-eyed recounting for the thousandth---stories of past and jaded glory.

There are many endings that can be written to the story of The Flying Dutchman. One has his choice. And one might write it something like this:

The Airacobra stands ready. Its still sleek lines are sharp. With a freshly applied coating of insignia orange, the plane appears ready for maiden flight, rather than final voyage.

The Dutchman? Youth is still etched in his face. He shrugs into the pale blue jacket of old, zips it smartly and the orange V is again emblazoned boldly across his chest. His goggles, as always are set back jauntily on his flier's helmet.

Now the engine screams in new-born life. A firm hand is at the controls. With a savage dignity of its own, the Airacobra races almost the length of the runway--then the suspended moment; then the wondrous sensation of free flight!

Ahead mountains turn burnt amber and sienna by gathering sunset. Easy clearance! Into stratus clouds hued in wisps of amber, crocus and topaz. Now these far below.

Still higher. The Airacobra, a living, dancing thing. Picking its way delicately but deftly through aureolin turrets and citron mountains of massive cummulonimbus. Thunder snarls above motor roar!

Crashing sounds soon silenced. Cloud formations part into fine cirrostratus veils of coral, peach and primrose. These too disperse in ultimate breakthrough.

Now only the orange! The beautiful and breathtaking orange, rich in intensity and splendor. The shimmering, secret orange blazing rich & glorious. The mother orange, warm & all-comforting. The celestial orange stretching into cadium and flame - flecked infinity...

Long has the Airacobra disappeared from view. Long has its powerful motor churned its living heart-beat into stillness for those below.

The sky is empty now.
But wait!
Something falls in a caress of wind.
Touching the ground, it lies in ivory tribute.
It is a white rose.
The Flying Dutchman will not pass this way again.....

ROMERO

LETTERS

SEND THEM TO:

THE COLLECTOR

BILL G. WILSON

-Editor-

1535 Oneida Drive

Clairton, Pennsylvania 15025

COMICROSS 1

A	S	E	A	■	F	L	A	P	■	M	I	N	G	■
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ANSWER

BILL CANTEY
809 Stonefield Avenue
Charleston, S. C. 29412

Thank you for *THE COLLECTOR #24;* and for your kind comment on this fan's writing ability.

You really weren't kidding when you said *THE COLLECTOR* would be getting progressively better. Very good cover. A fine rendering of a great (probably *the* greatest) comic hero idea ever conceived. Whenever I toy with the notion of producing a 'zine, the cover design is a waist-up shot of Superman holding Mickey Mouse on his upturned palm. (let's hear it for the little mouse -- Clap! Clap! Clap! --oo--) The Newton-Adkins cover on your 24th is -sue is a fine tribute to an international comic favorite.

The interior was nicely balanced, as always. Fantucchio's artwork is always impressive. John is the only artist I know of who can consistantly merge comic-art, and fine-art, without having the sub - ject look as though he'd somehow strayed into the wrong medium and gotten lost. With each Fantucchio rendering, the false, lowbrow image of comics fades a little. John's paintings will be famous someday -- but I hope he doesn't have to die before it's realized. That does seem to be the style.

Tom Fagan should receive both the Goethe AND the Shazam awards for best fan writer of 1971 by virtue of his convention report alone. I don't see how he did it. If it'd just been explicit, okay. Or, just entertaining. But, "The Con's On : Right On" was all this; plus the fact that you got it out so soon. A fine issue for *THE COLLECTOR*, and a great service to fandom. I don't ex -pect anyone would care to follow Tom's act. I was going to write a con report, but right after finishing this letter, I fell down and sprained both wrists. Pity.

As a firm believer in vircarious violence as a deterent to the real thing, I was in complete disagreement with Gerard Geary's "Was Wertham Right After All?". Like Al Capp, I believe there is no such thing as a non-violent person. The "action of the tiger" lies within us all; it's just a matter of individual provocation. The armchair ad -venturer with his detective mysteries, science fiction, wild westerns, heroic fantasy, and illustrated magazines appeases that natural lust, then behaves himself in his day-to-day dealings with his fellow humans. Anyone who is so incredibly dumb as to be motivated into a violent act by a printed or pictured page, is also too stupid to cross the street without getting run over. Dr. Wertham concluded that comic books contributed to juvenile de -linquency since youthful criminals read, or had read them. He "forgot" to mention that virtually ALL young -sters read comics, not just the "bad" ones. Symbolism is only there if you look for it; I'll take my action stories straight, and keep my life the same way.

"A Simple Story" by Richard Small was a mildly chilling little gem; I hope that Mr. Geary read that. And with David Hanley's "Sinar Alone", *THE COLLECTOR* had a nice selection of fan-fiction.

Oh, the buck is for two more issues of *THE COLLECTOR #24*, which I'll lend and send to fellow fans.

THE COLLECTOR is a top quality 'zine; right down to the print and paper.

Thanks again for sending it.

Glad you liked #24 so well, Bill. As far as last issue's cover goes, the majority of readers loved it, while a number had mixed emotions about it, as you may see from the other letters printed here. As for your comments about John's fantastic style, what can I say? His style is definitely unlike that of any other artist (pro or fan), in my opinion. My constant praise of this guy's artwork may make me sound prejudiced merely because he is a very good friend and a contributor to TC, but it seems you can't say enough about John to give him all of the credit he really deserves.

Tom's speed with the report (and es -pecially its LENGTH!) really surprised me, and what surprised me even more was the fact that I was able to put the whole thing together so fast! (now THAT is an accomplish -ment, considering I'm the kind of guy that likes to leave things go to the last minute! --Uh -- looks like I'll be getting some letters from guys who haven't gotten their TCs yet, after THAT stupid remark!)

- BGW -

RAY FOUSHEE
819 Milton
Louisville, Kentucky 40217

...I suppose the battle will rage forever between those who prefer the pretty picture 'zines and those who lean toward the "meaty article" type, but in my mind, there's a need for both types, and I enjoy them all, as long as they're well done. The only problem seems to be that there is an ever-increasing shortage of the latter type, and its refreshing to see you still hanging in there producing worthwhile reading. I'm not about to exaggerate and say that I think TC is the best fanzine on the market, but I will say that, as far as enjoyment goes, its my favorite.

But let's talk about the issue *[TC#24]* itself. I've read a lot of con reports in many different 'zines before, but I've never seen such thorough coverage of one, as was the case in #24. Tom Fagan must be a miracle worker! To have written all those articles, he would have had to be in three places at once! Even though I attended the NY Con, this issue contained a wealth of information that I somehow missed. My compliments, and thanks for a great effort Tom. (Now at least I know who that guy with the Carl Barks name tag was. I sat around for hours thinking "Could it be?...Nah!.....But just maybe.....")

The non-convention features in the book were of equal quality (which says alot for them). The centerfold by Potter was surprisingly very good. I hadn't seen any of his work for quite a while, and was still expecting stuff from him of the calibre which he turned out for Marshall Lanz' DCTC Bulletin many years ago. You've come a long way, pal! All of the other illos were of the usual high quality, but when you're dealing with guys like Fantucchio, Black, and Cockrum, it's hard to go wrong. The color overlays on the Cockrum piece came out very nicely--must have cost a mint. *[You forget, Ray, that I did the overlays & printing myself! As you might guess, this helps a LOT! --BGW]*

...Hanley's two pages were, as usual, enjoyable in their own Hanleyesque way. I don't think there's another artist around who is more suited for what he does than Al-an. Having met him at Metro, I can vouch for the fact that he's one of the nicest people in fandom...

DOUG FOLEY
Associate Editor
PHASE
4314 Clarendon Rd.
Brooklyn, New York 11203

TC#24 in one word: *BEAUTIFUL.*

The color cover by Newton & Adkins was really nice.

The convention report was really incredible- beautifully done - stirred up some great memories. It really was a great con- the best one I've ever been to. I had a really great time running around on the staff, with PHASE...

Your report was fantastic. Tom's writeups were really well done--he really caught a lot of beautiful moments down on paper. He really did a great job- you must have had an incredible time editing the material-- I'll be the first to believe it took you 'round the clock work since getting in from the con. A really thorough joball around - it really flowed smoothly throughout. Congrats to an all-around great job. The only times where Tom was a little weak were on the first half of the super-hero panel and on the second half of the Goethe report, but outside of that, he was really fantastic.

Gerry Geary comes off a lot better on paper than he did at the con; and I can not figure out why, since you're almost quoting him ver batum on pgs. 22-23. He's got some interesting and truly good concepts and beliefs behind him. I think he sort of cooked his own goose, though, when he decided to present himself to his audience as some sort of Oral Roberts. "Thank the Lord" and "Thou shall be saved" just don't seem appropriate here. At Oakland Collesium-yes; at the Statler-Hilton - no. I think a book like *Blazing Combat* shows the atrocity of war better than ignoring it by tripping out into some kind of a peace-love gig. Pointing out what's bad about drugs, poverty, war, etc. serves more of a purpose than just ignoring them...ignorance is not bliss. Comics are an entertainment medium, and I can see his point that you shouldn't see all this crap if you're supposed to be entertained. The only thing that gets me about him is that he provides no replacement for the bummer. Little Nemo in Slumberland is not GL-GA, & never will be. Is the replacement for the bummer gonna be a 24 page epic wherein some superhero just trucks around the city fixing it up? Who's gonna buy that for any long period of time? But above all, Gerry Geary sparks controversy, and I'm really glad you did print his p.o.v. It could, and should spark a lot of controversy in future issues if anybody's gonna rebut him. I'm looking forward to it.

"GRAPHIC ADVENTURE UNLIMITED"

BY BOB KIRKLAND

The current state of fanzines scares me. It used to be that, in the old days, a so-called writer and a so-called artist could get together with a ditto machine and come up with something acceptable. An amateur strip, a review of a borrowed Golden Age comic, an article analyzing whatever Marvel strip happened to be the rage, and a piece explaining why DC comics had deteriorated story-wise (no mention of the magic pencils of Kane, Infantino, etc.) filled out a twenty page issue of *Heroic Heroes* or *The Komix Kanvasser*. Fandom was saturated with "I can do better than that", ditto fluid-sniffing editors. However, the last 2 years have ushered in a trend toward high-quality fanzine work, accompanied by high prices. There are certain rules to be followed in the production of *Graphic Adventure Unlimited*, 1971 style. Below are these rules, as I see them:

1.] *Cover:* Absolutely must be photo-offset with choice of: a) color or b) duo-tone. [Note: black and white cover may be used only in the case of color blind artist.] All covers must be wraparound with no less than three staples.

2.] *Interior Art:* Must contain at least two pages of original, unpublished art by one of the following: FRANK FRAZETTA, AL WILLIAMSON, WALLY WOOD. [This drawing must have at least one nude girl, preferably with sword.] Must have one science-fiction or horror strip of not less than eight pages by either KENNETH SMITH or GEORGE METZGER. Must have one adaption of a literary classic into graphic story form by BERNI WRIGHTSON. Must present a sword and sorcery folio of no less than 12 pages by RICHARD CORBEN or ROBERT KLINE.

3.] *Written Material:* Must have one in-depth analysis of an EC title, complete with sample art reproduced in full color. [Somewhere in this article there must appear the sentence: "Somewhere, Graham Ingels is still alive...".] There should be an amateur S&S tale. [This is not mandatory, but it is advised, as it will lend a note of mediocrity to the zine. Can't be TOO professional, you know.] There must be at least one article about a pulp hero (If a cover is reproduced, it should be in no more than fair condition, and must have tape repairs.). The zine may not contain any reference to Timely, National, or Fawcett superheroes. Any article on Golden Age comic books must emphasize that they are inferior to pulps, Howard and Burroughs books, ECs, etc.

GAU

If this trend continues, you can expect to see this ad in RBCC #132 for *Graphic Adventure Unlimited #9* (published annually):

GRAPHIC ADVENTURE UNLIMITED #9 IS NOW AVAILABLE FOR ADVANCE ORDER!!!
Our 1981 issue is destined to be the greatest fanzine ever published!

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FRANK FRAZETTA has graciously consented to grace our pages with a new, never-before-published 11-PAGE FULL-COLOR SCIENCE FICTION STRIP, "A Way You'll Never Be." Written by DENNY O'NEILL, inked by WALLY WOOD, lettered by NEAL ADAMS, and colored by AL WILLIAMSON, this is destined for a HUGO AWARD!!!

We have recently discovered a lost manuscript by ROBERT HOWARD, entitled *"The Death of Conan"*. GAU has obtained exclusive rights to this epic novel. Read part one in GAU #9!!

And now the most exciting news of all. One of our staff members recently discovered that GHASTLY GRAHAM INGELS *is alive and well and living in Hacienda Heights, California.* After much persuasion on our part, he has agreed to let us publish his epic horror story, *"The Night Of The Dead Toad"*. This FORTY-PAGE CLASSIC was produced for an EC Annual, but never saw publication. PRINTED IN FULL COLOR!!!

AND THE PRICE FOR GAU #9? ONLY $25.00!!!!!
GET IT TODAY!!!

Think the above is ridiculous? Wait until next issue when ALEX RAYMOND *returns from the dead* to revive Flash Gordon.

ALTERNATIVES FOR CONVENTIONS

BYRON PREISS

The recent issue of *THE COLLECTOR* covering the NEW YORK '71 SUMMER CON prompted a few thoughts on the future of conventions. It seems, to me, that these massive 2-3 or 4 day extravaganzas have gotten into ruts. The new cons and the old cons contin-ue to be a lot of fun and adventure but they are, unfortunately,becoming formularized:

ONE DEALER'S ROOM + ONE PRO ARTIST + ONE FANTASY PRO + ONE LUNCHEON = ONE CONVENTION

Of course, there have been a few new and good ideas at some cons. Gary Groth's *Dating Game* idea and Phil Seuling's *EC Panel* are notable examples. Here are some of my proposals:

FANTASY READING:
A particular comic book story is picked. Let us give the example of *"Food For Thought"*. Color slides or black and white transparencies are made of the story. Then the artist/writer team gives an introduction to the story and tells how it came about. Then, in this case, Al Feldstein and Al Williamson would read the story to the audience while the pages are projected upon a screen.

SCAVENGER HUNT:
For an entry fee, say 50¢, non-dealer members of the convention could enter a scavenger hunt. They would be handed a list of 5-10 inexpensive yet hard-to-obtain (and also easy-to-obtain) comic books. The first person to bring a copy of each comic book on the list to the designated table would receive the grand prize of, say, a Raymond daily strip. The event would involve searching the dealer's room tables for those 5-10 issues.

HALL OF FAME:
When fans come to the door of a convention to pay the entry fee, they are handed a small ballot on which they are to write their favorite comic for the period between that con and the con that preceeded it. This balloting would occur on Sunday-with the winner to be announced Sunday night. This would be repeated each year--thus establishing a con's Hall of Fame.

CLOSED CIRCUIT TV:
This concept is drawn from the *Dallascon Bulletin*. It is a well-known fact that pros are not the easiest things to obtain for a non - NY con. A small video-TV tape machine could be rented and small interviews with certain hard-to-reach pros could be taped for showing at the con. For example, the video-tape staff for a con could travel, let us say, to the L.A. area and tape interviews with Kirby, Toth, Royer, etc., and then bring them back to show in, for example, Atlanta.

ART POOL:
This event is for fanzine editors (& there are a LOT of them). Fans with unpublished art would bring it to the designated table with price of publication rights and their name & address attached. Fanzine editors could then contact the owners of the artwork in order to get permission to publish the art in exchange for payment.

MEN BEHIND THE SCENES:
Invitations to cons should be extend-ed to the businessmen in the field, such as Martin and Chip Goodman, and Sol Brodsky. Getting their points of view on the graphic story form could be both interesting and informative.

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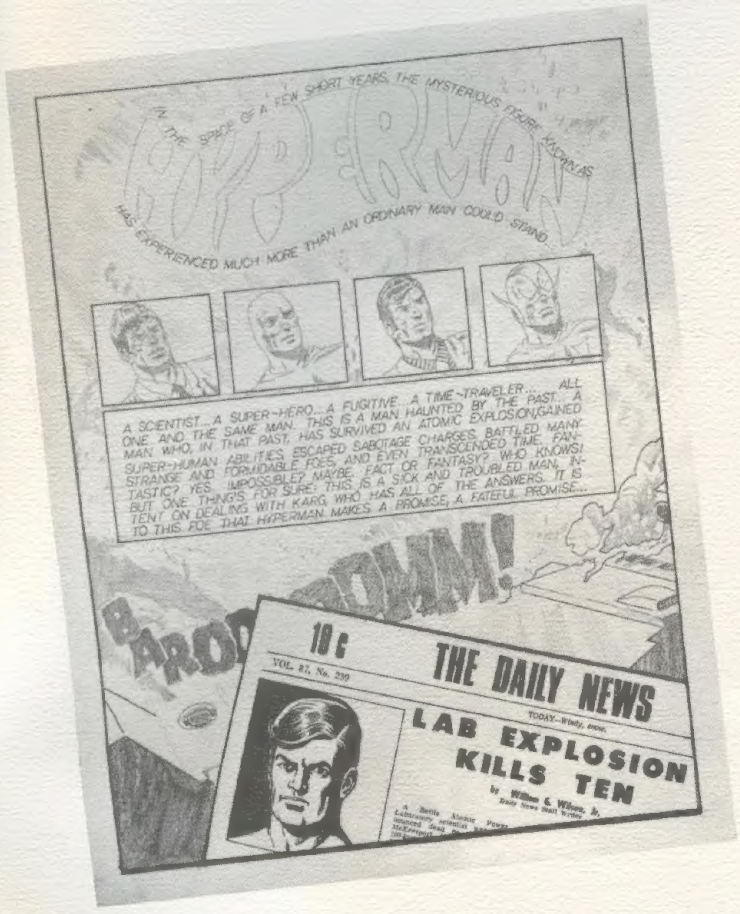
Text and art on Will Eisner's "WONDER MAN" by JIM JONES.
A BRIEF INTERVIEW WITH C.C. BECK BY BOB TETZLOFF.

(below are two of the pencilled pages for next issue's LONG HYPERMAN STRIP, WRITTEN BY TOM FAGAN; ILLUSTRATED BY BILL G. WILSON)


HYPERMAN
IN THE SPACE OF A FEW SHORT YEARS, THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE KNOWN AS
HAS EXPERIENCED MUCH MORE THAN AN ORDINARY MAN COULD STAND.
A SCIENTIST...A SUPER-HERO...A FUGITIVE...A TIME-TRAVELER... ALL ONE AND THE SAME MAN. THIS IS A MAN HAUNTED BY THE PAST...A MAN WHO, IN THAT PAST, HAS SURVIVED AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION,GAINED SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES, ESCAPED SABOTAGE CHARGES, BAFFLED MANY STRANGE AND FORMIDABLE FOES, AND EVEN TRANSCENDED TIME. FANTASTIC? YES. IMPOSSIBLE? MAYBE. FACT OR FANTASY? WHO KNOWS! BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE: THIS IS A SICK AND TROUBLED MAN, INTENT ON DEALING WITH KARG, WHO HAS ALL OF THE ANSWERS. IT IS TO THIS FOE THAT HYPERMAN MAKES A PROMISE, A FATEFUL PROMISE...
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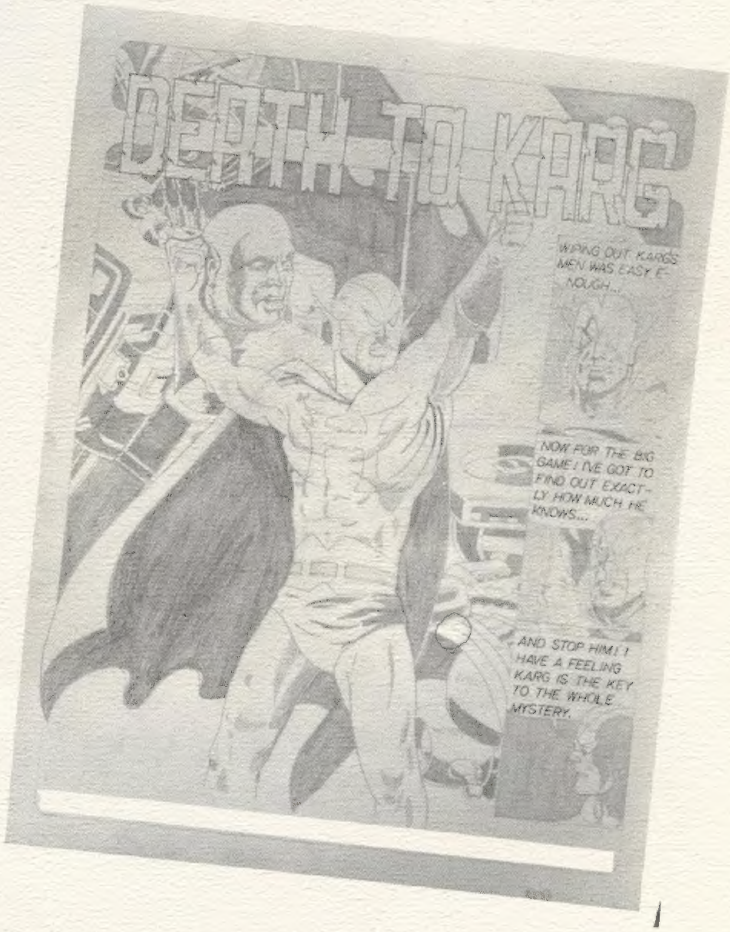
DEATH TO KARG
WIPING OUT KARG'S MEN WAS EASY ENOUGH...
NOW FOR THE BIG GAME! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT EXACTLY HOW MUCH HE KNOWS...
AND STOP HIM!! I HAVE A FEELING KARG IS THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY.

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